

Good things always belonged to everyone

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Good things always belonged to everyone

by [mecchayabai](#)

Summary

Yoongi is trying to accept his part as the beta in a polyamorous relationship with an alpha and an omega. Little by little he notices just how unfitting that role is.

Notes

This has been sitting in my WIP folder untouched since forever, but I finally managed to finish it completely one night. It's about time too, because the plot idea has been bugging me for ages. And this even has porn whoop.

Title from the BTS song "Move" (이|사).

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

They're in the middle of shopping for bathroom mats and matching towels when Jungkook pops his knot.

Well, it's not like he gets a supernatural boner right in the middle of the department store. Yoongi later hears that the kid was eating fish cakes at some food stall near the campus when a group of hot girls walked by. On the other hand, Yoongi, Hoseok and Jimin are the ones trying to navigate their way to the cashier through piles of fluffy towels and shower curtains.

Hoseok's cellphone beeps and he has barely enough time to bring it to his ear before Jungkook's frantic voice booms from the speakers. He's loud enough for Yoongi to hear every word without problems.

"Hyung, hyung, shit, hyung—"

"Whoa, what's going on? Is somebody dead?" Hoseok interrupts and cocks his eyebrows at Yoongi's direction, the two of them exchanging puzzled looks.

"I think I— I had— I think I got—"

"Okay, try to calm down, alright? One word at a time."

"A knot. I got a knot. Popped a knot." Jungkook's voice suddenly becomes fainter, a frantic whisper he most likely hopes won't be overheard by anybody else. Now Yoongi has to strain his ears to catch the words, and Jimin must be doing the exact thing next to him.

As if to answer his thought, Jimin grabs his hand and tugs, mouthing the word 'knot?'

"What should I—what do I do, hyung?" Suddenly Jungkook is back to panicked and so loud both Yoongi and Jimin lean back. Hoseok takes a deep breath, but Yoongi notices the corners of his mouth twitching.

"You get back home. Taehyung is there, right? He should be, his classes always end before three, I think," Hoseok says, his voice bright and relaxed like he was talking about something as casual as what to have for dinner. "But have a friend come with you. A beta friend. Take a taxi or something, if you're too far. And try to block your nose."

Making sure that Jungkook understands what he has to do one more time, Hoseok ends the call, and Jimin latches onto his hand.

“Jungkookie is an alpha?” He sounds conflicted, like he doesn’t quite know how to react but somehow still feels happy for his friend. Yoongi can relate.

His brain feels painfully empty of any proper reaction and he thinks he needs at least a week to become completely accustomed to the idea of another alpha in their small circle of friends. Sure, he knows the basics and understands why Hoseok just gave Jungkook the advice he did. On the other hand, he has no idea about all the fine details of pack relations, the *secrets* that aren’t taught during the beta health lessons.

“Looks like it. Gotta say, I kinda saw it coming but– I don’t know– it still feels weird, I guess,” Hoseok says, shrugging as he starts pushing the shopping cart forward again.

“Well, Jimin can’t go home now, that’s for sure,” Yoongi says and sighs, looking down at the stuff they have already gathered into the cart. “Damn bad timing.”

“I can just sleep at your place for a while, right? Until Jungkook is back to being himself again.” Jimin looks up at Hoseok’s face, puppy eyes on full force and a small, devilish smile already tugging at his lips.

“Yeah, I could go get your stuff tomorrow. I mean, Hoseok can’t really go in either, not right now anyway, right?” Yoongi says, nodding to himself. The apartment Jimin shares with Taehyung and Jungkook is going to be reeking of pheromones strong enough to send any omega, or an alpha for that matter, into a frenzy – either a horny one or the destructive kind, so the place is definitely off limits to both Jimin and Hoseok for at least a week or so. Longer, if Jungkook proves to be some kind of super alpha, and wouldn’t that fit his golden maknae status just perfectly?

In that case, they might have to settle for skyping sessions until Christmas, because allowing a fresh alpha in the same room with an omega and another alpha? Who also happen to be together? The recipe for the fucking apocalypse. At least according to all the tales and stories, since it’s not like Yoongi has any personal experience.

“How long does it usually last?” Yoongi asks, watching Jimin chew his bottom lip as he taps his phone. Probably sending messages to Taehyung, or to Jungkook just in case he needs some mental support.

Hoseok shrugs again. “To be honest,” he says, halting. “Maybe we

shouldn't— I kind of don't want Jimin to go there. You know?"

The look he gives Yoongi is sheepish, like he's a little embarrassed even though he's still smiling, and of course Jimin can't let that go.

"I can take care of myself, hyung," he says, all but groaning, but Yoongi thinks Jimin might have the wrong idea entirely. Looking at Hoseok, Yoongi is pretty sure him not wanting to let Jimin back to the apartment before Jungkook is safely mated to some pretty beta or omega girl has nothing to do with Jimin's safety or ability to handle the new Alpha Jungkook.

It's more about Hoseok hating the idea of another alpha so close to something he has started thinking as his.

So Yoongi takes the lead, just like he usually does. It was his idea to move in with the rest of the gang and he feels responsible to come up with a back up plan now that biology decided to intervene. Maybe he's already been thinking about it somewhere in the back of his mind, because the words roll off his tongue almost too easily. As if he had been practicing in front of a mirror or something.

"So let's get an apartment," Yoongi says. He tries to sound casual, like he's just joking. But somehow the words come out too serious. "Just the three of us."

He's not kidding. It would be a huge step in their relationship, turning it from still somewhat casual dating into something real that has a future and that's supposed to last forever. It's not just his thoughts, either. Jimin's eyes are widening to almost comical measures, and Hoseok nearly runs over another customer with their shopping cart.

"Really?" Jimin says and then his sunshine bright smile nearly blinds Yoongi, it's so wide. "Hyung, that would be awesome!"

"You think we're ready for that?" Even though his words are uncertain, Hoseok wouldn't be Hoseok if he wasn't smiling too, a glitter of excitement in his eyes and fingers moving restlessly on the handle of the shopping cart.

"Hyung, come on! I've been rooming with Taehyung and Jungkookie for ages, it's not a big deal. And Yoongi's been living with Namjoon-hyung."

"You've been fucking them, too, then?" Yoongi asks, cocking his eyebrows, and gets a punch to the arm.

Hoseok chuckles and wraps one arm around Jimin's shoulders. "We *are* already shopping so might as well, you know, shop for an entirely new place, right? No biggie, right?"

Yoongi grins and Jimin snickers, because there is pitifully little logic behind Hoseok's reasoning, but also because the thought is exciting as hell. Yoongi is not the type to go for any kind of commitment too quickly and without thinking, and yet there's a smile insistently stuck on his face and the good kind of nervous fluttering somewhere behind his navel.

"We need sheets. Lots of sheets," Jimin says, positively smirking now, and presses closer to his alpha.

—

At twenty-one, Yoongi knows it's ridiculous to think that he might have found his "the one", or, well, multiple ones in this case. But he did, plenty of times in fact when he and Hoseok and Jimin slowly eased into the strange three-way relationship they have. It felt so strangely perfect at times, still does, that at first Yoongi thought the next step of moving in together would be nothing but a formality.

Yoongi doesn't want to admit it, but as they haul boxes into the elevator of their new apartment building, it's not so easy to smile anymore. He tries anyway, for the sake of Jimin and Hoseok and their never ending excitement.

It was his idea. He should have made peace with the reality already, the reality of being a beta in a polyamorous relationship with an alpha and an omega. Somehow while he managed to accept the daily ups and downs of dating a couple like that, living with them is still a whole another story. Yoongi was just stupid enough to think the plot of that particular tale would be boring.

Instead, the first days are weird as hell.

Sure, it does feel like a romantic (and dirty) dream come true when Yoongi finally drags himself out of bed the first morning and Hoseok and Jimin are waiting for him in the kitchen, cooking eggs together and making the table. They've done it before, when Jimin and Yoongi stayed over at Hoseok's, but this time it's *their* kitchen and *their*

tableware and they are all wearing their favorite pajamas and not the good-looking ones you usually take with you when you're spending the night at a boyfriend's place.

For about a week, it's a little like a nice vacation. They throw a housewarming party, just them and the usual gang, and even Jungkook can finally be allowed into the house. It's a little strained at first, and Yoongi is happy Jimin listens to him for once and stays a bit further away from Jungkook than usually. It's not that hard to imagine how a newly turned alpha would react to an omega snuggling up against him and trying to kiss his face, like Jimin normally does with Jungkook.

Hoseok seems to feel it too, but unlike Yoongi, he has a different way of making sure nothing happens. He sticks to Jimin's side, marking him with his scent any chance he gets and keeps at least one finger on Jimin's skin all the time. Sure, it's damn sexy when Jimin wears Hoseok's sleeveless shirt for the party and his neck is red from hickeys, but also kind of caveman.

"Can't you cut out the tough alpha male act?" Yoongi murmurs under his breath when they go out for a smoke with Namjoon. Hoseok is restless, keeps glancing up as if he could somehow see into their apartment in the 7th floor through all the brick walls and concrete. He'd probably dash back if there was even the smallest sign that Jungkook was getting too close to Jimin.

Hoseok shrugs. He doesn't even smoke and initially only came along because Yoongi dragged him out to get some fresh air, but now he reaches for the cigarette in Yoongi's fingers.

"Can't help it," he says, lifting the cigarette to his lips. "It's an— it's an alpha thing. You know I'm not some possessive asshole who keeps their omega in a leash, that's fucked up, but... I guess it's just biology."

"Guess so."

Luckily, Jimin sits safely next Taehyung, who is clearly still traumatized after losing one of his roommates so suddenly and acts like an octopus starving for love. Hoseok does refuse to go out again and instead makes sure Jimin stays sandwiched between him and Taehyung for most of the night.

Even Yoongi's constant and very pointed eye rolling doesn't help.

On the other hand, Jungkook acts surprisingly normal. He's clearly a little embarrassed and doesn't want to talk about what happened, even wears loose sweatpants like he's afraid his new knot is so big that it's somehow going to show if he's not careful enough.

But everybody in the room can feel the tiny current of tension between him and Hoseok. They don't talk much and even though Hoseok's smile doesn't disappear for a moment, he doesn't try to touch Jungkook, not even stand next to him. They make it through the party without anybody challenging anybody else's claim on anything, and Yoongi lets out a big sigh of relief when they kick out all their guests around 3am.

The corners of Jimin's mouth dip when he can hug all but one of his best friends goodbye, but Yoongi nuzzles his neck and wraps his arms around him, not moving an inch until Jimin finally relaxes against his body.

"It's gonna be just for a little while, alright?" He mumbles into Jimin's skin and feels a pair of bare arms circling his waist, holding him back almost too tightly.

"He didn't even look at me. Not once," Jimin says, his chin lodged against Yoongi's shoulder.

"That's because he was afraid he would pounce you the moment you two made eye contact and frankly, can you imagine having sex with Jungkookie? It would be like fucking your kid brother. And then Hoseok would have broken the TV, probably the coffee machine too, and we couldn't watch Unpretty Rapstar."

Jimin chuckles and rubs his nose against Yoongi's collarbone. "You always know best, right hyung?"

Snuggling leads to having the most amazing sex. The three of them have always done particularly well in that area of their relationship and there's always been a whole lot of sexual tension between them. Somehow, it's even more special that night. The air is heated and charged with electricity, and Hoseok acts even more possessive than usual.

Yoongi plays along with pleasure.

When he finally nudges his cock into Jimin's slick hole and his sweaty chest slides against Jimin's back, he meets Hoseok's eyes over Jimin's shoulder.

Hoseok's nostrils flare as he takes in their combined scent and Jimin's breathy little moans and he grabs Jimin's chin to kiss him. While Hoseok practically devours Jimin's mouth, Yoongi concentrates on finding that special little spot to make him fall apart in Hoseok's arms.

If Yoongi could choose, he would stay inside Jimin forever. Maybe switch places with Hoseok occasionally to get the chance to kiss Jimin's pink, spit slick lips and then suck Jimin's cock while Hoseok plunges into his ass. As long as all three of them could stay naked in bed, together, he'd be happy.

Yoongi tries to keep himself coherent enough to reach around Jimin and wrap his fingers around Hoseok's cock. He jerks him off on Jimin's stomach with shaky movements, and all the while Hoseok kisses them both, bites Jimin's neck and rubs his spunk all over Jimin's skin.

Yoongi has always found the alpha habit of marking their omega extremely hot, in fact it's one of his biggest kinks alongside multiple orgasms and toys, and usually Hoseok likes it too when Yoongi does it with him. That night, however, it's different. After Jimin slumps down against Hoseok's side and closes his eyes, sticky with both his and Hoseok's come and sweat but smiling even in the middle of alcohol laced exhaustion, Hoseok turns towards Yoongi.

He doesn't have the same look in his eyes as he does when he holds Jimin like this, but there's something incredibly passionate there. He doesn't ask or give Yoongi any kind of warning, not like he usually does, just grabs Yoongi's jaw and kisses the skin at the junction of his neck and shoulder.

Yoongi closes his eyes when Hoseok bites down and wonders if he just imagines the feeling of being owned spreading into his bloodstream from the teeth marks.

Maybe this is how Jimin always feels? An amazing, yet scarily overwhelming sense of security and affection? Yoongi reaches out and takes Jimin's hand, already lax with sleep, just to make him a part of this. To ground himself.

The next morning, Yoongi feels a smile on his lips the moment he wakes up. He stares at Jimin and Hoseok for a while, all tangled up under one blanket because they know Yoongi always sleeps later and that he can't stand their unnaturally high body temperature. They're a drooling, snoring pile of naked, mismatched limbs and it makes

Yoongi laugh out loud.

He feels surprisingly okay.

—

Yoongi was always the one who had to fake the grimace on his face during sex ed at school.

His beta friends groaned and whined and tried to hide their faces behind their textbooks as they quickly skimmed through the pages about alphas and omegas, all dramatic nonsense and theatrics. Yoongi, on the other hand, switched from regular beta porn to hunky alphas making their twinkly omegas take it on his computer screen when he was about thirteen.

And it wasn't just the inhumanly big cocks plunging into asses dripping with slick. The whole thing is simply fascinating, not only in a biological way but also historically and psychologically. That probably makes Yoongi sound like a huge geek or some kind of a fetishist and maybe he is, but he likes to think that he's just more openminded than your typical stuck-up betas.

Afterwards, when Yoongi had turned eighteen and nothing still happened downstairs, he finally admitted defeat. Very grudgingly and with the help of way too much alcohol, but he did. For a while, he just watched even more porn than before and dated mostly betas, but then he found Hoseok and, a bit later, Jimin.

Yoongi always— he wanted to become an alpha. Scratch that, based on all the stories on the internet, all the movies and books, he almost expected to become one.

He guesses this, his life right now, might be the closest thing to being one. First of all, he is (now) living together with Jimin, who is like every wet dream Yoongi has ever had about omegas all smashed together into a technicolor 4D fantasy that Yoongi never has to pause. Then there's Hoseok, who's relaxed enough to pass for any beta and rarely brings out his inner alpha if they are outside of the bedroom. And of course there's the fact that they're both amazing people who connect with him better than anyone he's ever met, but that's beside the point.

Yoongi is the oldest of the three of them too, the responsible one with a job at a small indie record store. Hoseok helps Taehyung out sometimes at the Starbucks on campus, but mostly he just performs on streets and at school festivals and goes to auditions for background dancers. Jimin is still in university, majoring in performing arts and happily living the student life to the fullest. He's been talking about getting a part time job, but it usually ends with Hoseok pinning him against the closest wall and complaining how he wouldn't have enough time to cuddle with them.

Of course, Hoseok is not some old-fashioned extremist who thinks all omegas are good for is warming the bed and pumping out babies, damn no. Yoongi would never hang out with a person like him, and Jimin even less.

He's just carefree. And a cuddle monster, which means he would much rather stay home and watch TV with his arms wrapped around Jimin than make any kind of living. Well, Hoseok could probably be talked into dancing with Jimin or Yoongi for money instead of cuddling, but he's happy the way things are. He's not the type to worry about the future too much.

It shouldn't matter, but sometimes it does. Especially when Yoongi hunches his shoulders and wears his old leather jackets and combat boots to appear a bit bigger, so that he can sign their lease under his name without getting any weird questions. Or gives his card to Hoseok and Jimin so that they can go grocery shopping while he tries to come up with lyrics good enough to maybe perform sometime in the future.

Yoongi didn't expect it to bother him at all, but he also can't lie to himself; there are streaks of something ugly and black staining his thoughts.

—

“Yoongi-hyung!” Jimin yells the moment Yoongi finally drags his exhausted body out off bed and into their small kitchen.

“You want strawberries or blueberries with your pancakes?”

“Seriously?” Yoongi grunts, his eyes lingering in the way Hoseok

nibbles at the back of Jimin's neck and gropes his stomach and chest through the huge t-shirt Jimin always wears at home.

He feels the strangest mixture of turned on and irritated. It's mouthwatering how Jimin just lets Hoseok put his hands on his body, how he arches and makes whiny noises if Hoseok bites too hard or pinches a nipple. But at the same time Jimin keeps splashing the pancake batter everywhere and nearly sticks the kitchen knife into his own eye while cutting the berries because Hoseok decides to tickle him at a critical moment.

"We've had pancakes for, what, a week? Every morning, right?" Yoongi brushes his lips against Hoseok's cheek and gets a bright smile in return, accompanied by a teasing jab against his forehead.

"But pancakes are really good," Jimin points out as he whisks blueberries into the batter. He's being forceful enough to turn the whole thing blue.

"Yeah, well, what about your health? We're gonna get fat, you know, and blueberries are really expensive, and there are dirty dishes everywhere," Yoongi mutters but accepts the pile of pancakes Jimin hands him on a paper plate. He does realize they're not really listening to his nagging, the words just mumbled under his breath and not even meant to be heard, not really.

Okay, the food tastes really good, even if one pancake is slightly burned and another somewhat raw in the middle.

Hoseok hogs down his share with bare hands, still plastered against Jimin's back, and then bounces off to the bathroom. Yoongi watches how Jimin piles the used bowls and pans next to the old stacks of dirty dishes and joins Yoongi on the table, a paper plate of food finally waiting in front of him.

Looking at Jimin eat and listening to Hoseok singing in the bathroom, Yoongi doesn't understand why he would be jealous. But then he takes in the mess around him once more and wishes silently that Hoseok would act more like some dickhead alpha who bosses their family around. Just so that Yoongi wouldn't always have to be the bad cop.

But no. Hoseok gets to be Jimin's alpha and give him exactly what he craves with his taller frame and built dancer's body. He can tower over Jimin and manhandle him around, but also protect him from any asshole knotheads who might try to step over any limits. And at the same time Jimin gets to be something Hoseok clearly treasures more

than he even knows himself. Jimin always has a pair of adoring arms around him, and Hoseok just gives into all of his ridiculous whims without a second thought, like having pancakes for breakfast every damn morning.

In the background, Yoongi feels like he has to be the stern homemaker, the stick in the mud who forces them to live in the dull adult world where it's not okay to just jerk each other off on the couch 24/7 and eat cakes for every meal of the day.

"Hyung," Jimin says, quiet like he doesn't want anybody else to hear. The sound of water hitting the floor in the shower almost hides his whispered words, and Yoongi forces himself to concentrate.

"I think I'm," Jimin continues and Yoongi can see how he swallows. "I think I'm gonna go into heat."

"Huh?" Yoongi has to swallow a couple of times himself. Jimin doesn't look any different, but it's a lot more strange to get the usual warning face to face like this instead of with a Kakao message. Yoongi always imagined Jimin would smirk while saying it, leer and maybe wink, but he's staring at his half-eaten pancake before spearing a bite with his fork. There's a small smile on his lips, though, when he meets Yoongi's eyes again.

"Like, right now?"

"No, no," Jimin says and lets out a nervous little laugh. "Maybe in a couple of days? There's this, kind of like an itch? Or warmth, I don't really know how to describe it."

Yoongi doesn't ask for details. Jimin would probably say something about changes in his scent, and Hoseok would confirm it after his shower and bury his nose in Jimin's hair. It's not like Yoongi would understand it, anyway.

Yoongi knows Jimin has been through heats, lots of them ever since he presented as an omega at around fifteen. That wasn't a surprise to anybody, given how damn obvious Jimin has always been, in fact even most betas have their doubts from the moment they first meet him. What's different from the usual is that this time he's not going to be locked inside his room with Jungkook and Taehyung as his bodyguards and an arsenal of dildos as his weapons.

This time, he's going to be in their bed, with both Yoongi and Hoseok taking him through it.

Truth to be told, Yoongi has never been with Jimin during his heat. It sounds ridiculous, since they have been dating for almost a year already, but Jimin used suppressants for most of the time to give all of them (mostly him and Hoseok) a chance to form a real relationship without any extra hormones making the slide smoother.

The crazy thing is, it's one of Yoongi's biggest fantasies to have an omega in heat, to have *Jimin* in heat underneath him and writhing with mindless pleasure. That's why he's just as glad that they never rushed into it. He wants to love Jimin because he's Jimin, not because his body thinks he needs to get impregnated every month (it's just a genetical glitch anyway, since no uterus still means you cannot get pregnant).

He's not saying he hasn't imagined it. Oh, he has. It's those familiar fantasies, suddenly flashing behind his eyes like somebody just pressed the play button, that have Yoongi grinning at Jimin and popping another piece of pancake into his mouth with much more tongue than necessary.

"Sounds good," Yoongi says, and Jimin snickers at his chocolate smooth voice.

"I better take a couple of days off from work. Heard that it can get pretty hot and heavy, am I right?"

—

Yoongi's so nervous he's a little afraid he might not get it up.

Despite his earlier suggestion, Yoongi wasn't able to take any time off, so he's been stuck at the record store working long hours and waiting for any kind of sign that something, anything has happened. Finally on Wednesday morning, when he's half-heartedly organizing the hip hop section for the millionth time, his phone beeps.

It's exactly what he's been hoping for, a message from Hoseok saying that Jimin is in heat, but for some reason his stomach rolls and the coffee he just drank threatens to come back up.

Yoongi suffers through the rest of the day, texting Hoseok whenever he can and contemplating whether he should ask them to wait for

him. He wants to, because it's just not... it's not fair if they start now and he has to be at work. It's not his fault.

In the end, he feels too shameful to say it out loud and just asks Hoseok to keep him updated, leaving it for him to interpret the message any way he wants. Hoseok's answer is a picture of a pink vibrator and a caption: "Going in, captain!"

Yoongi kind of wishes Jimin would text him too, at least just to tell him he's okay. But the two of them must be busy, and based on all the porn he has watched, omegas go completely nuts during heats. They're just begging for cock and pleading for somebody to breed them, especially if they have regular alphas. In one video, the girl could hardly even speak, surrounded by the two huge alpha guys and their scent, but Yoongi suspects that might have been slightly exaggerated.

But then again, he doesn't know for sure, having never seen an omega in heat in real life. He spends most part of the day wondering how much experience Hoseok has and tries to figure out how come he never asked, not even when the three of them were drunk out of their asses and spilled their guts about everything from childhood dreams to sexual fantasies.

When he gets home, it's close to 6pm and he thinks there's something small with multiple pairs of legs crawling underneath his skin.

"I'm here!" He says, surprised to hear the sound of TV when he kicks off his sneakers in the hallway. Yoongi finds Hoseok and Jimin, not in the bedroom having frantic, heat-driven sex, but watching a talk show on their ratty couch in the living-room. Since they don't notice him, he has the perfect opportunity to just observe.

Jimin looks flushed, and Yoongi notices immediately how labored his breathing is, chest rising like he just ran a marathon even though he's just laying on the sofa on his side, his head on Hoseok's lap. Jimin is naked and Hoseok only has his boxers on. It immediately makes Yoongi think they might have been doing something completely different just fifteen minutes earlier.

"Hyung, I think it's--again" Jimin mumbles, eyes a bit hazed and not really following what's happening in the TV, or in the room for that matter. He rubs his lips against Hoseok's bare thigh, and Hoseok immediately bends down a little, petting Jimin's black hair and whispering something Yoongi can't hear.

"I'll turn it on again, just wait a sec," Hoseok says next and reaches behind Jimin, touching his ass. Jimin gasps and his whole body bucks, eyes falling closed and the pink color on his cheeks deepening into red. His grip on Hoseok's leg tightens and he keeps humping the air, small whimpers getting muffled into Hoseok's skin. Since Hoseok's hand comes back to rest against Jimin's neck, it must be the vibrator Yoongi saw earlier buried in Jimin's ass, not Hoseok's fingers.

"Yoongi-hyung!" Hoseok says, finally noticing him standing there in the doorway and effectively bringing Yoongi back to present. "Look, Jiminie, it's Yoongi-hyung! He's finally here."

The words sting a little, but it's easy to smile when Jimin forces his eyes open and offers him a relieved grin. His bangs stick to his forehead with sweat and Yoongi pushes them back when he squats down to kiss Jimin's slack lips.

"How're you doing? Between rounds?"

"Waited for you, hyung," Jimin says, the last syllable turning into a moan as his eyes fall down again and his whole body suddenly tenses. Hoseok stretches out a hand and flips the vibrator off again, making Jimin whine long and desperate. He tries to chase the ghost of the vibrations, hips bucking like they're out of his control, and fuck, he has never looked more gorgeous.

Looking at Jimin's sweaty body, seeing the slight tremors running through his muscles and imagining how slick he must already be, Yoongi swears he's almost salivating. He has to swallow a couple of times before even trying to speak again, otherwise he'd probably choke on his own spit.

They waited for him. Just like he hoped for. Yoongi doesn't know what to say and instead he kisses Hoseok's mouth. It's only then that he notices the beads of sweat on Hoseok's forehead as well, the huge tent in his boxers and the wet patch on the front.

"Took your sweet time, you tease," Hoseok says, grinning, and pulls Yoongi in for another kiss. Next to him, Jimin climbs up to sit next to Hoseok and lays his head on his shoulder, still panting and clutching Hoseok's arm like his life depended on it.

"Can we— can we, now, please, hyung?" Jimin says, lathering Hoseok's skin with tiny kisses that are more like licks of his tongue. "Need it, hyung, need your knot, please—"

“Yeah,” Yoongi says, clearing his throat again and helping both of them up from the couch. Nobody remembers to turn off the TV when they stumble into the bedroom as quickly as they can.

Hoseok pushes Jimin to the bed and when he crawls to the center, Yoongi gets a perfect view of his ass. The vibrator is still stuck inside and fuck, there’s so much slick it’s actually running down his thighs. Jimin stays on his hands and knees, ass in the air like he’s waiting to be mounted any second, but Hoseok coaxes him to get down on his stomach when he guides Yoongi to the bed with him.

Since Hoseok seems so in control of what they do, almost to the point of being a little aggressive, Yoongi just follows his cues without a second thought and concentrates on Jimin. He lets Hoseok position them, sitting side by side with their backs against the pillows, and watches as Hoseok pulls Jimin between his legs and kisses him.

It’s so hungry, like Hoseok is devouring every whimper straight from Jimin’s tongue. Jimin’s hands slide down Hoseok’s bare chest, frantic, and press down against the bulge in his boxers.

“Please—”

“Let’s get Yoongi-hyung’s clothes off first, alright? There you go, take his jeans off.”

Jimin is nodding and then he dives towards Yoongi’s lap, trembling fingers fighting with the buttons and zipper. Yoongi could swear he hears Jimin inhale sharply when he finally starts pulling the pants down and that he actually leans in towards Yoongi’s dick like he wants more of that scent. Helping him to get the jeans completely off and thrown somewhere on the floor, Yoongi also pulls his boxers down since Jimin seems too dazed to do it without being told to.

In the meantime, Hoseok has gotten rid of his own boxers and also pulled Yoongi’s sweater off, leaving him only in his tank and a pair of socks. He wraps an arm around Yoongi’s shoulders, suddenly so strong that Yoongi startles.

He’s even more surprised when Hoseok grips Jimin’s hair and pushes his face down against Yoongi’s cock.

It’s so fucking dominating Yoongi has hard time remembering this is their Hoseok, the same bright Hoseok who dances girl group dances in his underpants (and sometimes naked) and makes cooing noises whenever he sees an animal, or Jimin or Yoongi, do something

particularly cute. This Hoseok leans against Yoongi and licks his bare neck, nibbles the skin with unnaturally sharp teeth. And at the same time Jimin's mouth moves against Yoongi's cock.

"Alpha, alpha, need—" Jimin says, but he doesn't struggle against the hold Hoseok has on the back of his neck. He just, he just submits.

"C'mere, just a little."

Hoseok pulls Jimin off of Yoongi, who has to bite his lip not to groan at the loss. Shouldn't have bothered, since the sight of Hoseok feeding his dick into Jimin's open mouth makes him moan anyway.

Yoongi knows, from first hand experience none the less, that Jimin looks gorgeous sucking cock. He has big lips and a big mouth, quite frankly perfect for the task, and he's always so happy to do it too, but it's nothing compared to this. If he was eager before, now he's feverish, desperate.

"Now Yoongi-hyung again," Hoseok says, patting Yoongi's shoulder as he guides Jimin's head to his lap again. "Make him taste like an alpha."

Jimin's mouth finds Yoongi's cock without any help, and Yoongi bucks his hips when Jimin's lips wrap around him like it's the only thing he wants to do in the world. It's somehow even wetter, like Hoseok's precome was actually slicking his dick together with Jimin's spit.

Yoongi's going to come any minute, there's no way he can take the way Jimin looks and sounds, slurping down on Yoongi's dick until his cheeks are hollowed and eyes a little wet from going too deep.

"You can come, it's okay," Hoseok whispers into his ear, stroking the sweaty hair on the back of Jimin's neck and spreading his own legs a little. Yoongi glances down and sees Hoseok's dick is just as hard and all but screaming for attention. How Hoseok can do it, be so calm and in control of himself, of all three of them, is a complete and utter mystery to Yoongi.

Hoseok bites his ear and together with Jimin's choked moan it finally pushes Yoongi over the edge. Yoongi leans his head back, panting and gripping Hoseok's thigh with one hand and the sheets with the other, as Jimin swallows every drop and continues sucking like he's hoping there's more. Just as Yoongi's stomach starts to tremble, pleasure turning into pain, Hoseok wrenches Jimin's head up and away from his cock.

Jimin whimpers and steadies himself with his hands on Hoseok's thighs. They kiss, and Yoongi can't help thinking that they're sharing his taste between them.

He's finally coming down from his high and notices how Jimin works his hips against the mattress and reaches a hand out to touch his ass, maybe push a couple of fingers inside to see how hot and slick he really is.

But Hoseok flips them around before Yoongi can touch Jimin, and then Jimin is buried under Hoseok's body, not bulky but so much bigger than his. Hoseok seems more and more frantic now, like the scent of an omega in heat is finally becoming too much and his control is slowly slipping. His hands stroke every inch of Jimin's body he can reach and nails dig into his skin, leaving tiny marks all over Jimin's skin together with his teeth.

Yoongi swallows. His arousal can't fight against the feeling of embarrassment, like he's interrupting something. A sick pervert with a voyeurism kink.

He watches as Hoseok turns Jimin around once more, so that they are back to chest on the bed, and helps him get his knees under himself again. Jimin pushes his ass against Hoseok's cock, body arching and a keening whimper falling from his lips, but his hands stay on the bed. He keeps his legs spread wide so that Hoseok fits between them perfectly, like he belongs there.

He sees Hoseok kissing Jimin's shoulder blade, sucking a screaming red bruise on the skin on his spine. Sees him pumping his own cock before he positions it right against Jimin's entrance and notes how Jimin almost sobs into the pillows but waits like the obedient little omega he is.

"Please, alpha, please—"

Yoongi gets up from the bed, gathers his clothes and walks out of the door.

—

It tears him up inside to even think of it, but at least for once it pays

off to be a beta.

There's no painful, almost physical pull trying to drag him back to the apartment, like he imagines both Hoseok and Jimin would feel if they tried. It's in their DNA. He doubts the two of them would even be able to stop anymore, not now that the pheromones of a ripe omega are in Hoseok's bloodstream and the smell of alpha has banished all coherent thoughts from Jimin's braincells.

He walks until he finds the nearest park bench and collapses down onto it. Burying his head in his hands, he finally breathes steadily again.

It's too much.

The heat, it's biology. A perfect example of the natural state of humans were every omega needs an alpha and the other way around. Where they complete each other seamlessly and everybody goes on to live their happy lives. It makes Yoongi sick.

Jimin and Hoseok, they must be completely drowning in their hormones by now and happily unaware that he even left. The thought is like a shackle around his neck, choking him and he coughs, slaps his chest and closes his eyes. Yoongi tries to drive the feeling away with anger, anger at himself for wallowing in self-pity when it's not their fault and they can't help it. Anger at them.

When he straightens his back, he sees Hoseok walking towards him and nearly falls from the bench.

Hoseok looks just as pitiful as Yoongi feels, with a sweater haphazardly pulled over his bare chest and a pair of flip flops in his feet. He's hugging himself as he walks quickly forward and his face is very pale.

"Where's Jimin?" Yoongi says, or more like croaks, after Hoseok gets to speaking distance. His throat is dry like a damn sandpit.

"I- I left him," Hoseok says and it sounds like he can't quite believe what he's saying. When he gets close enough for Yoongi to reach out and touch Hoseok's shoulder, Yoongi can easily see the beads of sweat on his forehead and the nearly pained grimace on his lips. He's shaking, whole body tense and strung tight.

Yoongi's first reaction is to yell, because what the fuck does he think he's doing, leaving an omega in heat alone in their apartment? No

matter how tightly the door is locked, it's still dangerous for Jimin, and Yoongi can't bear to think what he'd do if somebody, if anybody went inside and found Jimin and—

But then his rational side wins. Hoseok did the right thing, since it would be even more dangerous for Jimin to come out to the streets. Impossible even, considering the condition he's in after the heat really kicks in. That's also why Yoongi is careful not to think how Jimin must feel right now, all alone in their apartment and going through the waves of his heat without anyone else. Maybe he's mindless enough not to even know.

Hoseok looks pained, almost feverish. His feet refuse to stay still, but his movements are dragging, like there's something tying him down to their apartment and he's reached the end of his chain.

And maybe the weirdest thing is that Yoongi can imagine exactly how it must feel now that he's looking at Hoseok. Feels it, knows that his own forehead is just as sweaty and his hands are shaking. Of course it's only mental for his part and not a physical pull, but he longs to be back in their bedroom. With the both of them.

Suddenly Yoongi feels so ashamed he almost bursts into tears right then and there. He just walked out of something that was supposed to be special to the three of them and only because he couldn't handle seeing Jimin and Hoseok doing what they had done a million times before in his presence.

"I'm so—"

Hoseok grabs Yoongi's jaw and kisses him. His mouth moves softly against Yoongi's and there's no trace of the alpha Hoseok from before. It's like he's afraid they both might just break apart if he was too rough. The tips of his fingers are soft and soothing against Yoongi's skin and suddenly he feels so cherished, in the same way he always imagines Jimin feeling when Hoseok holds him close.

"I'm sorry," Hoseok says, his voice hoarse and shaky. He doesn't pull away, almost as if he was scared to get too far away from Yoongi. At that moment Yoongi realizes for the first time that Hoseok looks small, thin, that he hangs off of Yoongi's arms and presses closer like he needs him.

There's something almost scary about it. How submissive Hoseok acts, how afraid he is. It makes Yoongi want to cherish him too and to kiss him long enough to make that anxious expression disappear right the

fuck now.

“I’m so sorry, hyung. Please, could you–” Hoseok says, and Yoongi is nodding even before he can finish the sentence, scared and at a loss for words because this is not the Hoseok he knows, either; this one is begging him to come back and stay with the two people he might love more than anything.

“Can you come back?”

Yoongi hugs him. As if he could ever leave the two of them, no, he’s been in too deep ever since he let himself think of truly belonging to the triangle with Hoseok and Jimin for the first time.

“I haven’t been thinking,” Hoseok says, voice thick like he’s holding back tears. “But I swear, nothing’s changed, *nothing*–”

“I know, I know,” Yoongi replies and presses a kiss of his own on Hoseok’s parted lips. “We’ll work it out, we’ll make it better, okay? I shouldn’t have overreacted like that–”

“No, we, I didn’t, it was me–”

“Wait, fuck, no, I–”

Somehow, they fall silent at the same time, and Yoongi smiles, just a little, but Hoseok returns it. Of course he fucking does because smiling is like a second nature to Jung Hoseok, it’s a part of his goddamn essence. And seeing it right now is probably one of the best feelings Yoongi has ever felt.

They walk back, wrapped around each other and sharing both the tentative happiness and the growing anxiety. Yoongi doesn’t know what he’ll see once they are back inside, and Hoseok worries his bottom lip and holds Yoongi’s arm even harder as they step into the elevator.

When they open the door to their bedroom, the bed is empty.

—

“*Shit.*”

Being a beta, Yoongi is ready to go mental the moment he realizes Jimin is not in the room. But then he looks to his side, sees how Hoseok's nostrils flare and how he crouches down to look under the bed. Some of the tension in Hoseok's muscles disappear, and Yoongi swallows down the panic welling inside him and gets on all fours as well.

Jimin is under the bed. He's curled up in the furthest corner with the wall against his back, their huge blanket covering him from head to toe and protecting him against the dust bunnies. Probably asshole betas and abandoning alphas as well.

"Jimin," Hoseok says, and Yoongi almost wants to swat him for it because Jimin peeks out from under the blanket and the look he gives them is like a punch to the gut.

The tear tracks on his cheeks and his red rimmed eyes are visible even in the lack of light. What's even clearer to see is the amount of betrayal and pure fear on Jimin's face, still half hidden behind the light blue fabric. Yoongi doesn't even realize he has made a move to crawl under the bed until he notices that right next to him, Hoseok is reaching out as far as he can, all but on his stomach on the floor already.

"Jimin, hey, Yoongi-hyung is back, he came back with me—" Hoseok says and he tries to smile, be his usual self. Yoongi doesn't really know what kind of reaction he expects, maybe that they'd have to coax Jimin to come out with sweet words and then cuddle a little, just to get everybody feeling safe again, eat some cookies, watch a romantic comedy and hold hands—

But Jimin stares at him, not paying Hoseok a second glance, and suddenly he is crawling towards them, fast and agile like a goddamn beast dashing out of its lair. Yoongi pulls back to give him some room, but the moment Jimin gets out from under the bed he quite literally jumps up and tackles Yoongi to the floor.

It hurts like a bitch to fall down with Jimin's weight on top of him. At least he doesn't hit the back of his head, but air is still knocked out of his lungs and for a moment Yoongi can't really see anything, not to mention breathe. He just listens to Hoseok yell and Jimin pant heavily above him, waiting for the world to stop swaying.

Then he feels it, Jimin's small fists attacking his chest and stomach. There's no real weight behind the punches and pretty soon they turn

into Jimin just touching Yoongi's body like he's making sure it's real. He presses his forehead against Yoongi's collarbone, and Yoongi can't help the full body shiver running through himself. In any other situation it would be incredibly hot, having Jimin sitting naked on top of Yoongi's clothed body like this, but right now he just feels like absolute shit.

"You, you fucking bastard, you left, you left us, you left *me*—"

"Jimin, stop, it's not, not like that." Hoseok hovers above them, clearly unsure whether he should touch Jimin and pull him off or let him be.

Yoongi still can't get a single word out of his mouth. He can feel how Jimin's body shakes, like his muscles are exhausted just from sitting on Yoongi's thighs, and he feels so hot to touch. Of course his heat hasn't suddenly disappeared anywhere because of his anger and anxiety, that's not how the omega biology works. Swallowing, Yoongi raises a hand to offer at least some kind of comfort.

Jimin's thighs flex against Yoongi's hips and suddenly they're gripping his body, and Yoongi feels like he's being crushed by a goddamn vice. The moment Yoongi's fingertips touch Jimin's arm, just to get him to relax a little and to soothe him, his hand is immediately slapped away and Jimin presses him down even harder. He holds Yoongi's biceps against the floor and finally raises his head to look Yoongi in the eyes.

"Why did you leave? Did I," Jimin pauses and squeezes Yoongi's arms. His eyes shine bright and when he speaks again, Yoongi expects a fresh wave of tears. But Jimin doesn't cry, he just looks at Yoongi and his teeth are bared, defensive like a wounded dog.

"Did I do something?"

"Shit, of course not! Why would you even—" Yoongi tries to buck Jimin off and okay, it shouldn't come as a surprise since Jimin goes to the gym way more often than Yoongi, but Yoongi realizes he cannot physically get Jimin off. Probably couldn't even make him lose his balance, especially when he's this upset, eyes burning with anger and unshed tears. At the same time there's pained desperation edged in his every movement, and it only makes Yoongi want to hug him as hard as possible.

Of course he can't, since he's pinned to the floor and both his hips and arms are starting to ache from being crushed so tightly, but he tries to catch Hoseok's eyes to send some kind of wordless messages. Too

bad all of Hoseok's attention is focused elsewhere.

"You, you both left and I felt," Jimin says, swallowing, and looks into Yoongi's eyes. "You were so sad."

Yoongi feels his breath getting stuck in his throat and can't get a word out of his mouth. He knows omegas feel everything strongly, but Yoongi always thought they would only adapt to their alpha's moods because of the whole biological connection and everything. Betas should be...

Betas are outside.

He swallows. He can't help being relieved when Jimin lays his cheek against Yoongi's chest and they don't have to look at each other any more.

"Don't leave me again, don't you *fucking* ever leave me again."

Jimin's words seep through Yoongi's chest, straight to his heart. His breathing is so hot and erratic, and Yoongi wants to pretend those aren't tears he feels on Jimin's cheek, wetting the fabric of his t-shirt. Jimin's nails dig stinging marks into Yoongi's arms and it's the craziest feeling, but Yoongi can't help himself. It's good, so good to be marked like that, like Jimin doesn't ever want to let go of him.

Well, Jimin does, when Hoseok finally has the balls to wrap his arms around Jimin's middle and lift him off. Yoongi aches for a second, but he's glad to stand up from the floor. Jimin grabs Hoseok immediately and presses his face against his chest, finally crying in earnest and shaking like a leaf.

"Hurts, hyung," Jimin whispers, and Yoongi dares to reach forward and touch the small of his back. His skin is shining with sweat, and with a quick glance down, Yoongi notes the conspicuous amounts of slick on Jimin's ass and the insides of his thighs. He doesn't look aroused in the least, but Yoongi did feel his half hard cock against his hip earlier and apparently his insides are still wet and pumping out more slick by the second.

It's almost sickening, how Jimin's body keeps demanding for him to get fucked and knotted when he's sobbing his eyes out.

"Is it—is it the heat? You need me to—shit," Hoseok murmurs and grabs Jimin's face to pepper his wet cheeks with small, comforting kisses.

“Dunno,” Jimin says. “Just hurts.” He sounds scared, scared and confused as if this was his first heat or something. The feeling gets even stronger when Jimin opens his eyes slowly to look Hoseok in the eyes, hesitant and careful.

“Are you angry with me, alpha?”

“No!”

It’s Yoongi. He just had to open his mouth because he’s feeling horribly guilty. Jimin fucking looks like he expects his alpha and beta to– to hit him or something equally horrible, and Yoongi can’t take one second more.

“It’s– I should be the one asking that, I fucking walked out of here!”

“Yoongi-hyung, I told you outside–”

“Stop!” Jimin yells, his voice a little hoarse and trembling but somehow coming off as determined.

“I don’t, I really don’t have any energy, and I don’t know about you guys, but can’t we just,” he pauses and takes a deep breath, rubbing his cheek against Hoseok’s shirt. “Can’t we just wait until tomorrow? Please?”

Jimin’s eyes are begging, his whole body is begging and asking Yoongi to say that everything’s okay now, that it was just a misunderstanding, but Yoongi knows they should talk. Long and openly and with all of them standing on equal ground. But he also realizes that Jimin is in no state to fill that last condition. They would need to wait after his heat has passed and then try to figure out how to deal with the whole breakdown today. Until then, Yoongi has no fucking idea.

“Jimin, I–” Yoongi says, clearing his throat. “I don’t know if we can, or if I can do that. There’s, there’s something wrong right now. I need to set things right, set myself right and I’m not sure I can wait.”

Hoseok stares at him and looks like he might not be breathing.

“Hyung, please,” Jimin says, turning completely around to face him and grabs Yoongi’s hand. “Can’t you just, just talk with Hoseok-hyung tomorrow? I know I’m all like this right now, but you two can talk and then after my heat we can talk. Or even after we get the edge off, I promise–”

Yoongi has to interrupt him again.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right. I’m not going anywhere, okay?”

He can’t help leaning forward and pressing his lips on Jimin’s mouth. He knows he should be protesting and trying to talk some sense into both Jimin’s and Hoseok’s heads, but he also knows he’s going to give in. Already has.

—

When Yoongi wakes up the next morning, Hoseok and Jimin are still sleeping. But unlike usually, this time they’re not all wrapped around each other, with Yoongi withdrawn to the side like he was trying to escape from them in his sleep.

Right now, Hoseok lies on his stomach, with one arm thrown over Yoongi’s chest and one leg pushed underneath both of his. And Jimin is honest to god holding Yoongi’s hand in his sleep and his face is mashed against Yoongi’s shoulder, drool dripping all over his skin and the sheets. Like nothing happened yesterday, like they had amazing heat sex and went to bed sated and happy. Not swallowing insecurity and avoiding each other’s eyes, trying not to touch one another.

Yoongi keeps still for hours, fighting back tears and sleep because he wants to stay there forever.

End Notes

Sorry for the ending. I really wanted to make it less sad, but I hate magical healing cock tropes so a happy ending just wasn't going to happen unless I wrote 10,000 words more. Anyway, thank you for reading!

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